



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1909-07-30

Letter from Katharine Hooker to John Muir, [1909 ?] Jul 30.

Katharine Hooker

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I went out into the
forest, by its light, away
from the sound of the
camp. There is but a
shelf between the lake
and the cliffs and peaks
in this place and the
trees are nobly tall and
straight as they climb
from the water's edge
upward. But at night
they become great, majestic
pillars that support the
silent, sparkling sky
overhead. I lay a
long time among the
ferns at the foot of
one of these mighty columns

243
Emerald Bay,
Lake Tahoe, Cal
July 30th.

My dear Mr. Linn
I wonder if you
are still in these mountains
or whether you have
left them to return
home and brood those
manuscripts that need
to be made ready for
the printer.

Marion and I are
here, in a region that
you must know,
enjoying the loveliness
of it, but in a less

active way ^{C23} than usual;
not taking my tramps
for she is not yet
up to her usual energy
and must save her
strength for the coming
hardest year of college
work. My brother and
his family are with us
and he is one of the
true lovers of mountains,
coming to them every
year for his vacation.

You also are frequently
with us both in thought
and in something more
nearer, for we carry
"The Mountains of California"

with us, and refresh our
minds with your descrip-
tions of the trees as
we renew our acquaintance
with them. Yesterday
my brother came back
to camp from the
top of a nine thousand
foot mountain, bringing
the most exquisite branch
of your hemlock spruce
I ever saw - covered
with ~~purple~~ cones of the
richest purple.

Just now we have the
added splendor of
a full moon, and last
night about ten o'clock

[83]

Affectionately yours
Katharine Hooker

2 [53]

following it with my
eyes above the height
of a cathedral, where
it disappeared into the
shadow of its crown.
There was such quiet
everywhere, not even the
note of an insect, only
the sound of a distant
waterfall which came
to my ears like the
sea or the murmur
of the wind in the
tree tops. But there
was no wind and
the moon shadows
never moved - everything

04551

stood with the fixedness⁽⁶⁾
of a picture in the clear
atmosphere of these
nights. If it had been
less deeply solemn, its
beauty would have
brought the tears.

I wish you were
with us, or that we
could have gone with
you, but this year
your wanderings
would have been too
much for Marion.
We shall be here a
week longer and then

go back to⁽⁷⁾ San Francisco
for a while, to my
brother's house. Let
me hear from you,
whether you had a
successful trip, how
you are, and if
Helen keeps well and
happy upon the
beloved desert.

My address here will
be % Osgood Putnam,
3633 Jackson St.
San Francisco.

Marion sends you
her love.